

THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
A Journal devoted to the interests of the Residents of the Suburbs of Washington.
 PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
The Suburban Citizen Newspaper Co.,
J. M. WOOD, Business Manager.
 No. 611 10th Street N. E.,
 WASHINGTON, D. C.

Our contributors are Business Men, Un-
 business Men, Scientists, Plain People, Trav-
 ellers, Poets, etc., etc. In other words,
 people familiar whereof they write, who
 tell their stories in a way that will interest
 the suburban friends.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
 One dollar per year, payable in advance.
 Single copies five cents.
 Advertising rates made known on
 application.
 Address all letters and make checks pay-
 able to THE SUBURBAN CITIZEN, Washing-
 ton, D. C.

Entered at the Post Office for transmission
 through the mails at second-class rates.

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**The
 Suburban Citizen,
 WASHINGTON, D. C.**

In speaking to the editor of the Cit-
 izen the other day Mr. Louis P. Shoe-
 maker, president of the Brightwood
 Citizens' Association, said:

"YOUR PAPER IS CERTAINLY
 DOING GOOD WORK FOR THE
 SUBURBS AND SUBURBAN PEOP-
 LE. IT IS A GREAT PITY THE
 OTHER PAPERS, TOO, DON'T
 DEVOTE SOME SPACE TO OUR
 INTERESTS."

Detroit's "interurban" electric rail-
 roads have reached a total of 408 miles
 of track, and Cleveland's a total of 371
 miles.

Iowa laws require jugs of gasoline
 to be labelled. By a recent decision
 the seller of an untaxed jug of the
 fluid must pay the damages caused by
 an explosion following a girl's attempt
 to quicken the kitchen fire.

Two young Parisians in a friendly
 fencing match forgot to don their
 masks. By mistake the foil of one
 passed through the eye of the other,
 causing death. So, if French duels
 are proverbially harmless, the same
 apparently cannot be said of a friendly
 French bout with the fells.

People who think that swell society
 abroad does nothing but look pretty
 must revise their notions. In one day
 eight titled Englishmen shot 2400 ani-
 mals in a game preserve, and on the
 next day 2300. Is it any wonder that
 England points with pride and the
 animals view with alarm?

In 1790 only six American cities had
 a population exceeding 8000. Now
 there are 545. The percentage of ur-
 ban to rural population was then 3.4,
 now it is 33.1. It is not, therefore,
 to be wondered at that in occupations re-
 quiring muscle only employers in the
 cities are discriminating against men
 over forty-five. The cities are getting
 overcrowded with wage-earners, while
 the land in the rural districts is being
 neglected for the want of them, ob-
 serves the San Francisco Chronicle.

The theories that cigarette smoking
 ruins the health have been very vig-
 orously and effectively denied in the
 last few years, but Professor Ogg, Su-
 perintendent of the Kokomo schools,
 now makes the most telling attack of
 all. He reports that out of 1300 boys
 in the city schools, 400, "addicted to
 the cigarette habit," appear to be about
 two years behind the non-smokers in
 their studies. Whether the cigarette
 is a cause of the dull mind or an ac-
 companyment of an idle disposition,
 Professor Ogg does not decide.

WIRELESS SAFEGUARDS.

The Most Practical Use of the New Sys-
 tem of Telegraphy.

Just as the horse survived the advent
 of the locomotive, and as the sailing
 ship has not been driven off the seas by
 the steamer, so it is possible that there
 will be work for the submarine cables
 even when Mr. Marconi has perfected his
 wireless system of telegraphy. Profes-
 sor Pupin, himself an electrician of
 first rate rank, and a thorough be-
 liever in Marconi's work, said recently
 that if he owned cable stock he would
 not sell it.

Wireless telegraphy may find its
 most useful application in other fields
 than that of trans-oceanic signaling.
 "For our own part," says the Specta-
 tor, "we could wish that Mr. Marconi
 would devote himself to more urgent
 practical problems than that of com-
 munication across the Atlantic—though
 the latter is without doubt the more
 spectacular and imposing attempt. It
 is still a serious problem to insure a
 safe landfall for the seaman in fog and
 storm. Even the most powerful siren,
 or the fog horn that bellows with a
 thousand-bull power, may be totally
 inoperative at the very moment when
 its warning is most urgently required.
 The best possible use of one of the
 new systems of wireless telegraphy
 would be to replace the fog horn in our
 lighthouses.

"No state of weather, so far as we
 yet know, seriously impairs the ef-
 ficiency of the electrical radiations, and
 it ought to be possible to attach a ra-
 diating instrument to every lighthouse,
 and to furnish every ship with what
 Lord Kelvin has called an 'electric key,'
 that could discover the approach of the
 dangerous coast or rocky headland
 long before a light was visible or any
 siren audible. It seems to us that this
 achievement would be infinitely more
 valuable to mankind, which still pays
 its annual toll of lives and treasure to
 the gods of shipwreck, than the wire-
 less transmission of messages across
 the Atlantic."

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Right living returns to us in health,
 in vigor, in happiness. Kindness brings
 more kindness.

Your meanness and stinginess will
 come back in broken friendships, in
 loss of the respect of yourself and
 others.

Tricks in trade are boomerangs that
 react unfavorably upon future busi-
 ness. Questionable methods come back
 and destroy credit.

The world is so constituted that
 whatever we do comes back to us in
 kind, just as a boomerang will circle
 back to the point from which it is
 thrown.

Flabby muscles, a lackluster eye, a
 dragging step, and a nerveless, energy-
 less constitution are the backlash of
 acts once committed—dissipation, self-
 ishness, neglect of hygiene, or discor-
 dant, sickly thinking.

Indulged passions come back to tor-
 ment us. The boomerang appears here
 in dyspepsia, there in nervous prostra-
 tion and insomnia, and everywhere in
 depleted physical strength, weakened
 energy, or a ruined disposition.

If you fling out good influences con-
 tinually—if you radiate helpfulness,
 good cheer, and harmony—in your old
 age you will not be dodging the blows
 of cruel boomerangs, but listening to
 the sweet echoes of noble deeds.

Fortunately, the law of reaction, the
 boomerang principle, does not hold
 alone with evil acts. The good deeds
 are just as sure to come back, and they
 bring with them all the blessed good
 intentions with which they were
 thrown out.

A cold, sordid, grasping life deadens
 the faculties to the harm of music, the
 beauties of nature, the delights of
 travel, the refinement of art, or the
 appreciation of literature. Greed is a
 boomerang that strikes a deadly blow
 on the return, destroying all enjoyment
 of the pleasures sought through wealth,
 and killing aspiration as well. Envy
 and hatred are boomerangs, which
 never fail to return.—Success.

Modern Newspapers.

There never was a more superficial
 view taken of any important field of
 labor, or of false deductions drawn, than
 to say that because new methods con-
 trol in journalism the influence of the
 press has been weakened, declares Mar-
 cellus Foster, in the Houston Post. We
 might as well say that the influence of
 trade and commerce upon the masses
 has waned because the universal indi-
 vidualism of some years ago has given
 way to the great co-operative move-
 ments and processes of the present.

Journalism has, indeed, changed in
 the past two decades, especially in the
 past decade—changed as rapidly as
 any other great force or agent of pro-
 gress has changed. The facilities for
 making papers have been so multiplied
 and improved that we see now more
 elaborate establishments, larger use of
 capital back of the paper, a greater
 subdivision of labor, more system con-
 sequent upon this very expansion, and
 last but not least, the substitution of
 corporate for individual proprietorship,
 of collective force for individual opin-
 ion.

The great paper of to-day no longer
 depends on the individuality or repu-
 tation or personal influence of any one
 man. The development of modern life
 and progress has introduced new forces
 in the newspaper offices just as in the
 industrial and commercial world.

Two Periods in a Woman's Life.

There is a time in every girl's life
 when she hesitates to take any man in
 the world, and there is a time, if she
 has passed the other time without
 being married, when she would take
 any man who asked her.—New York
 Press.



Poor Green.
 There was once a fellow named Green,
 Who grew so alarmingly lean
 And so flat and compressed
 That his back touched his chest,
 And sideways he couldn't be seen.
 —Philadelphia Record.

His First Year of Law.
 Young Physician — "What is your
 practice mostly?"
 Young Lawyer — "Domestic econo-
 my."—Chicago News.

A Misnomer.
 "Pa, what is a misnomer?"
 "A misnomer? Oh, when a man goes
 to a church bazaar and is inveigled into
 taking chances, some people say he's
 got a fair chance, but that's a mis-
 nomer."—Yonkers Statesman.

Ice.
 Mr. Bacon—"I see by this paper that
 ice one and a half inches thick will
 support a man."

Mrs. Bacon—"I always said there
 was an enormous profit in ice, John."
 —Yonkers Statesman.

Half the Pleasure Gone.
 "I don't like to get postal cards,"
 said she.

"Why not?" asked he.
 "Because I can't spend half an hour
 turning it over and over and wonder-
 ing who it is from."—Cincinnati Com-
 mercial Tribune.

Confidence in Herself.
 Agnes—"Yes, I'm very fond of skat-
 ing. I think I could live at the North
 Pole."

Louise—"Nonsense! There isn't a
 man there."

Agnes—"But I don't think it would be
 very long before there would be."—New
 York Sun.

An Explanation.
 "You can't believe half that a man
 says when he is in love," said the young
 woman, reproachfully.

"That is very easily accounted for,"
 answered Willie Washington. "When
 a man is in love, half the time he
 doesn't know what he is saying."—
 Washington Star.

Misfit Names.



Miss Short—"Isn't my name an ab-
 surd misfit, Mr. Long?"
 Mr. Long (thoughtlessly)—"Yes, rather.
 If you could have mine it would
 be all right, wouldn't it?"

Miss Short—"Oh, Mr. Long, this is
 so sudden."—Philadelphia Record.

In a Quandary.
 "How do you like your new cook?"
 "Ever so much, but I'm afraid to let
 her know it."

"Why?"
 "She'd want more wages."

"Then why don't you appear dissat-
 isfied?"

"Because then she'd leave."—Cleve-
 land Plain Dealer.

The Profit in Literature.
 "Do you think there is any money in
 literature?"

"Loads of it," said the man with a
 genial air of prosperity. "In fact, I
 can personally testify that there is."
 "I didn't know you were a writer."

"I'm not. I'm an architect. I make
 a specialty of designing library build-
 ings."—Washington Star.

A Peculiarity of Conscience.

"I suppose you will vote according to
 your conscience," said the friend.

"I will," answered the politician who
 is sadly practical.

"Pecuniary considerations will not
 figure?"

"Well, I don't know. There's nothing
 that hurts my conscience more than
 to feel that I have been wasting money."
 —Washington Star.

Mollified His Indignation.

Indignant Father—"Haven't you done
 nothing but laugh?"

Boy—"No; nothing at all."

"And the master caved you for that?"

The scoundrel! I'll teach him—"

"Yes, and he thrashed me hard, too!"

He's a great big man."

Father (not quite so indignant)—

"H'm, is he? You mustn't laugh in
 school, Johnny. It's against the rules."
 —Tit-Bits.

Professional Enthusiasm.

"I am glad to hear that your patient
 has gotten well," said one young phy-
 sician.

"Yes," answered the other, "I thought
 for a little while it was going to be one
 of the prettiest cases of appendicitis
 that ever happened. But prompt and
 careful treatment brought him around
 and I missed a chance for a fine opera-
 tion. I didn't know it was possible
 for a man to feel so glad and so disap-
 pointed, both at once."—Washington
 Star.

SNAKE AND SCENT.

Evidence That Serpents Follow Just as
 Hounds Do.

I notice in your issue of February 1
 a communication from A. L. L. Mill-
 hurst, N. J., relating an instance of a
 blacksnake following the trail of a rab-
 bit, and expressing his surprise thereat,
 as it was all new to him.

I wish to say through the Forest and
 Stream to brother A. L. L. that not
 only blacksnakes, but many other
 snakes, follow the trail of their prey in
 exactly the same manner as a hound
 —by pure scent.

I have observed many instances of it
 in blacksnakes, watersnakes and gar-
 tersnakes.

I will relate one of the most singular
 and best demonstrated of my obser-
 vations on this subject, viz.: Three
 of us were planting potatoes one May
 day and hearing a sort of squeaking
 croak looked round for the source,
 and directly saw a watersnake com-
 ing along with a toad half in his mouth.
 I put my foot on the snake, and it at
 once threw out the toad and ran into a
 log heap near by. The toad lay flat-
 tened out on the ground for some five
 minutes, and then gradually opened
 its eyes and looked cautiously around,
 when not seeing its enemy, it began to
 creep away—slow at first and then
 faster, until it had made a distance of
 probably seventy-five feet, when it
 straightened up and gave a squeaking,
 exultant sort of croak, and started on
 a jump and passed out of sight over
 a little hill toward a creek.

After the toad had disappeared we
 bethought ourselves of the snake and
 looking toward the log heap saw its
 head projecting above the top and its
 tongue flashing. I said, "Boys, let's
 keep quiet and see what the snake will
 do," which being agreed to, we stepped
 behind a big stump and waited for
 developments. Very soon we noticed
 the snake had drawn itself entirely upon
 the log heap and was surveying the
 situation. It soon seemed to be satisfied,
 for it descended and made a careful
 circuit—exactly as a dog would do—
 to find the trail, and when it came to
 the place where the frog had crawled
 away it stopped instantly; then holding
 its head about five or six inches from
 the ground, started at a rapid gait after
 the toad. In about two hours' time we
 were in the vicinity of the log heap
 again planting, and the subject being
 called to mind by the log heap, we be-
 gan to discuss the matter, when some-
 one shouted: "Well, here comes that
 snake now." And sure enough, there
 was a watersnake, following back on
 the trail where the other had gone out.
 As this snake seemed to be very portly,
 I concluded to investigate. So we
 killed the snake and opened it, and
 found the toad, as I expected. The
 toad lay dormant for some minutes,
 then gradually went through his for-
 mer performance and returned rejoic-
 ing to the creek, this time with one
 enemy less to contend with.—Forest
 and Stream.

Cromwell's Descendants in the Peerage.

"With reference to the statement,
 'Even families with Cromwell's blood
 are not likely to resent the omission
 of Cromwell's portraits from the New
 Gallery,' I was curious," writes a cor-
 respondent, "to find out how many de-
 scendants of his were of some promi-
 nence in the world as to give some val-
 ue to their resentment, suppose they did
 resent, at the omission of his portrait
 from the New Gallery. I was sur-
 prised to find that there are no less
 than thirteen peers at present who are
 descended from the Great Protector. They
 all seem to come through his
 fourth daughter, Frances, who mar-
 ried for her second husband Sir John
 Russell, by whom she had five chil-
 dren.

"Among these peers descended from
 Frances Cromwell there are two Mar-
 quises, Northampton and Ripon; eight
 Earls, the Earls of Chichester and
 Clarendon, Earl Cowper, the Earls of
 Darley, Lytton, Morley, Rothes and
 Skelmersdale, and Barons Amphil-
 Avebury, still best known by this
 thirty years' public life name of Sir John
 Lubbock, and Lord Walsingham. Al-
 though Oliver had five sons there is
 not a single surviving Cromwell in the
 male line, though any one who consults
 a peerage under the names of the
 aforesaid noblemen will find his de-
 scendants through the female line, to
 say nothing of Oliver's untitled poster-
 ity, frequent enough. In these days of
 smallpox epidemic in London there is
 a gloomy interest in noting that the
 two eldest sons of the Protector died
 of that disease. Robert, the first born,
 a boy of seventeen, at Felsted School,
 and Oliver, his second, a cornet in Earl
 Bedford's Horse, a few days after he
 came of age in 1644."—London Chroni-
 cle.

German Alpinists at Play.

The German-Austrian Alpine Club
 now numbers over 20,000 members, and
 has many branches all over Austria
 and Germany. It builds and maintains
 some thousands of shelter tents in
 the Alps, and keeps and improves the
 mountain paths. In the winter the
 club holds a great costume festival in
 Kroll's Theatre, Berlin. All who take
 part in it are in mountaineering cos-
 tume. On the stage a mountain shoot-
 ing before the boards, rises to a con-
 siderable height. The shoot consists
 of a highly polished board set up at
 such a steep inclination that the men
 and women who sit down and slide
 down it travel like lightning to the bot-
 tom, where they are caught by their
 friends. Every now and then the slid-
 ers follow each other at such a pace
 that there is a heap of them at the
 foot of the slide, but this adds to the
 fun.—London Graphic.

About 143,000,000 pounds of candy
 are produced every year in France.

A Large Assortment



Of Single and Double Barrel Shot Guns.
 All kinds of Revolvers, Gold Filled and
 Silver Watches, Guitars, Banjos, Violins,
 Accordions and Mandolins; also a lot of
 Winter Clothing from a bankrupt sale, to
 be sold at a sacrifice. Come early and
 get your pick.

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Rupture is a constant danger unless held in check by a well-fitting
 TRUSS. We adjust them scientifically, and refund money if
 not satisfactory. Also make a specialty of Elastic Goods. Lady and Gentleman
 Attendants. Orders by mail or telephone promptly and correctly filled.

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PABST BEER ON DRAUGHT AND IN BOTTLES.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

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JOHN FRAAS, Proprietor.
BENNING BRIDGE, . . D. C.

All Brands of Liquors and the Finest
 Cigars and Beer.
 Boats for hire for gunning or pleasure
 parties.

U. C. THIS!

Others would see your "AD" if
 you had it here. Think it over.

Large Circulation. Low Rates. Give it a Trial.

For Busy Hands.

According to a Chinese legend, says
 the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune,
 there lived in Canton 200 years be-
 fore Christ an artist named Lim-Kao-
 Pong, who won an immortal reputa-
 tion owing to the fact that he was able
 to fashion out of a bean pod a boat,
 complete with rudder, sails mast and
 all other necessary appurtenances.
 Moreover, on the exterior of the boat
 were engraved various maxims by Con-
 fucius. For this masterpiece, it is said,
 the Emperor Tsi-Fou paid him 1,000
 taels.

In these days pretty baskets are
 made out of hazelnuts and chestnuts,
 and heads of peacocks and parrots are
 deftly fashioned from the stones of
 apricots. It is with orange peel, how-
 ever, that the most attractive, though
 not the most durable, work can be
 done.

With a few skillful incisions of the
 penknife, the eye, nose and lips of a
 man or woman can be cut out of such
 peel, and by placing a suitable cap on
 top the oddity of the countenance is
 remarkably increased. Furthermore,
 much fun may be obtained by placing
 this head on a handkerchief which
 rests on a tumbler; for, if one of the
 four corners of the handkerchief be
 then gently pulled, the head will wag
 most comically to one side, and as it
 has no neck the effect produced is most
 ludicrous.

Concerning Girls.

"Girls are very stuck up and digni-
 fied in their manner and behaviour.
 They think more of dress than any-
 thing and like to play with dolls and
 rags. They cry if they see a cow in
 afar distance and are afraid of guns.
 They stay at home all the time and go
 to church every Sunday. They are al-
 ways sick. They are always funny and
 making fun of boys hands and they
 say how dirty. The can't play mar-
 bles. I pity them poor things. They
 make fun of boys and then turn round
 and love them. I don't believe they
 ever killed a cat or any thing. They
 look out every night and say oh aint
 the moon lovely. This is one thing I
 have not told and that is they al-ways
 now their lessons better boys."—
 From English as She Is Taught, by
 Caroline B. LeRow.

Singular Wrestling.

Next to gambling the Eskimo men
 like to wrestle. The usual way of do-
 ing this is a test rather of strength
 than skill. The wrestlers sit down on
 the floor, or in any convenient place,
 side by side, and face in opposite di-
 rections, say with right elbows touch-
 ing. Then they lock arms, and each strives
 to straighten out the other's arms.

Sandow's Advice to Business-Men.

Eugene Sandow, writing in the latest
 number of his magazine, gives some
 advice to business men:

"I would recommend," he says,
 "every one to walk at least a part of
 the way to business, during which
 walk most of the problems of the day
 can be solved, thus leaving the mind
 free for detail work. The lunch should,
 in my opinion, be light and nourish-
 ing. The ordinary 'business lunch' is
 heavy and unwholesome. In the even-
 ing, when the day's labor is over, the
 day's worries should be completely
 forgotten. Easy to say! you reply.
 Yes, and easy to do, if you stick to a
 healthy habit of life and regular busi-
 ness habit. Part of the way home, at
 least should be walked. Dinner
 should consist of at most three courses.
 The greatest mistake of the day
 lies in the heavy dinner in vogue.
 After sitting a while a walk should be
 taken, and so to bed."

That Sandow believes to be a ra-
 tional habit of life for a business man.

Remarkable Sheep.

A Kirkby Stephen correspondent
 telegraphs: "On Dec. 9 last Mr. Wm.
 Pratt, a well-known cattle dealer of
 Garsdale, had a large flock of sheep
 on Dent Fell, just above Hawes Junc-
 tion. The sheep were gathered in just
 before the recent snowstorm, but one
 sheep escaped the dogs and got back
 on to the fells, where it was buried in
 the snow on the following day. On
 Tuesday last, twenty-two days after-
 ward, the shepherds found the sheep in
 a crevasse. It had just thawed out of
 the snow, but was able to walk home,
 a distance of a mile and a half. The
 same sheep was under the snow for ten
 days in the November storm. Mr.
 Pratt declares that he will never part
 with that animal as long as it lives."—
 London Telegraph.

What Sealskin Is.

The beautiful product used for cloth-
 ing and commonly known as sealskin
 is not furnished by the true seal, whose
 skin is almost useless except when